## WOMEN OF TEN LANDS MEET.

GATHERING AT COPENHAGEN TO DEMAND THEIR RIGHTS.

The Parliament of Iceland Discovered There on the Same Errand-Plans of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance -The Status of Women in Denmark.

COPENHAGEN, July 30 .- The International Woman Suffrage Alliance which will hold a convention in Copenhagen next week is not the only body that comes to this ancient city to demand its rights. In the same hotel selected as headquarters for the women delegates is quartered the Parliament of Iceland.

It seems that the spirit of independence which is abroad over the world has made its influence felt in that arctic island and it is rebelling against its situation as a neglected stepchild. It doesn't want separation from its foster mother, Denmark -that would be isolation indeed-but it protests against being a colony.

After the manner of European countries it has no objection whatever to a king; but now that there is a new one it wants him to be called King of Denmark and Iceland. It also wants a new coat of arms, because its unfeeling neighbors, who have lions and dragons on theirs, make fun of the fish which so appropriately represents this little nation of fishermen. Under its standard of colors grouped above our hotel door is a fierce looking bird, which we came very near saluting as the American eagle, but which proved to be the falcon that the Parliament wants to adopt.

The members of the Parliament have also some other reform measures to urge, so the King diplomatically invited them to come down and make him a visit, when they could talk things over sociable like. They all accepted, about forty of themlegislative bodies are always very polite about accepting invitations of this kindand now they are here having the time of

We have just returned from a three weeks tour of Norway, and everywhere we found the people delighted with their new King, happy to have one of their very own whom they do not have to divide with Sweden. It is a striking illustration of the hold on the people possessed by royalty; but it illustrates also how much of a figurehead the King really is considered, for everywhere the people said:"

"We are in fact a republic, as we are governed wholly by our Parliament and this we elect ourselves."

There lies the source of real power-in the free suffrage of the people. Where they have this they are themselves master of the situation, and this brings us to our starting point, the meeting of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance. This organization, like the International

Council of Women, had its inception in the United States and its primary impulse from Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony. The first steps toward it were taken by them in 1883, but the project eventually broadened into the much larger idea of the council which should include associations of women for all purposes.

When Miss Anthony resigned the presidency of the National Suffrage Association and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt succeeded her the matter was again revived, with the result that an international conference was held in Washington in 1902 with delegates present from ten countries. A committee was then appointed with Miss Anthony as president and Mrs. Chapman Catt as secretary, and through their efforts it was possible to form a permanent alliance in Berlin in 1904, at the time the international

This International Woman Suffrage Alllance accepted the invitation of Denmark to hold its first conference or convention in Copenhagen, and much curiosity is felt as to how it will be received. Delegates will be present from the ten countries which now have affiliated National Woman Suffrage associations—the United S ada, Great Britain, Germany, Hungary, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and

Australia. The last allough already having full suffrage for women, continues its organization in order to help those of other nations France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria and Russia will probably enter the alliance at this meeting, as national societies are being formed in all. There is a decided movement among the progressive women of all nations where men vote to demand the franchise for themselves.

On account of the peculiar conditions existing in most European countries it has been a very grave question as to whether it would be practicable to form an international suffrage alliance. The United States is the only one in which the women keep out of politics.

This seems paradoxical when the women there have more liberty than in any other country, are more widely educated, read more, enter more largely into public life, are more independent and have more influence. For all of these reasons it would seem as if they would be the ones most apt to enter politics.

On the contrary only in the four States where they vote are they affiliated with the political parties and only in two or three cities outside have they political organizations of their own, and these are of small consequence. Here in Europe most of the women one meets are violent partisans, such extreme adherents of one or another party as to make it difficult for them to work in organizations, even for a common cause, with women of opposing political factions.

In Continental Europe this partisanship might be explained on the ground that the question of personal freedom enters very largely into their politics, the men themselves fighting for this and the women naturally sympathizing with them; but this would not apply to Great Britain. The issues there are as general as in the United States and yet the women have their great political associations and go into the campaigns almost as vigorously as the men. What is the explanation?

The position of women in all the Scandinavian countries is better than in other parts of Europe. In Sweden, Norway and even in Iceland they have the full franchise except for members of Parliament, but in Denmark itself they have no form of suffrage. That is one reason why they

want this international convention here. A bill to give them the municipal vote has several times passed both houses of the Parliament, but has failed to receive the necessary signatures of the King and the Prime Minister because of objectionable riders for which the women were not responsible. More than twenty Danish great. women's associations have been working for these bills.

The women of this little country are very well organized. The Dansk-Kvindesamfund, or Danish Women's National Union, has 2,500 members; the Suffrage Association numbers several thousand; the National Council of Women has numerous branches. The Reading Club of Copenhagen has

an enrolment of 3,200 women, its own club house and the largest library in the city.

The amount thus reckoned is exclusive of the pulgus brought to the city in wagons

society and an influential business women's association composed of those only who

own and manage their own business. The laws of Denmark are quite as favorable to women as those in the United States. By complying with certain legal formulas the wife may own and control property. Husband and wife inherit the family property on the same terms and daughters in herit the same as sons.

Married women may testify in court, make contracts and control their earnings, provided these are not made out of the common estate, and they may make a will Divorce laws are exactly the same for husoand and wife.

School attendance is compulsory from the seventh to the fourteenth year, and girls have practically the same advantages as boys. Coeducation prevails in the ele mentary schools and in the high schools outside of the cities, which are of excellent standing. These have more than 6,000 students, nearly half of them girls. Women may enter the university on the same terms a men and take all of the degrees except in

divinity. They have been practising medicine for many years and recently have been admitted to the practice of law. All cocupations are open to them and full op-portunities are afforded for technical education. Here as elsewhere women receive smaller wages and salaries than men for the same kind of work, but the discrepancy in the case of school teachers, for instance, is not nearly so great as in many parts of the United States.

In attempting to organize an international suffrage alliance an embarrassing situation has been encountered in the fact that the movement to enfranchise women is in many parts of Europe in the hands of Socialistsnot the moderate type which for the most part represents Socialism in America, but the radical and extreme class, who would overturn absolutely the existing institutions, among them that of marriage. Woman suffrage is a logical part of their programme, but they ask for it only in connection with the rest of their demands and these include measures which the leaders of the international work could not possibly tolerate.

The women, who over here; as has been said, ally themselves with the various parties, are not willing to work simply for their own enfranchisement, as those of the United States have done for nearly sixty years, without any political entanglements, but they must imperil their own cause by uniting it with party interests.

In Russia there has sprung up within the past two years a woman's union for suffrage which has branches in 130 towns and many thousand members, but it will not have a president, because that would be undemocratic, nor any concerted plan of action, because that would be arbitrary. As no two pull together they are torn with internal feuds and dissensions, after the manner of most revolutionists.

In another country, which is so staid and respectable that it shall be nameless, the president of the suffrage association is a beautiful and dignified woman of irreproachable character, and yet she is a pronounced advocate of free love in its most radical form This doctrine, which would practically wreck all that has been gained for women by centuries of progress, is indignantly rejected by those who form the enduring bulwark of every community and they will set their faces like adamant against any reform with which it is conneoted.

It has been a question whether it would be advisable to bring these strongly Socialistic societies into international affiliation: whether they would not put an odium upon the movement which it would require a long time to get rid of. The way to destroy an evil, however, is not to run into the house and shut the door, while it stalks up and down the streets, but to come out and give t mortal combat.

In several countries the more conservative women have ignored the existing suffrage societies and formed others which ask only the franchise, and this for the better tection of the home, the family and the highest interests of society. This element will be in control of the convention, and it will eventually place the movement on as high a plane in Continental Europe as it occupies in the United States and Great Britain. The recent outbreak of the suf fragists in the latter country, which has been greatly distorted in the press despatches, is wholly dissociated from anarchy; it is the exasperated and justifiable protest of wage earning wome against the wrongs they suffer through disfranchisement.

For a number of weeks Mrs. Chapman Catt has been here cooperating with the women of Copenhagen in the arrangements for this meeting. In the correspondence many amusing incidents occur through the

difference of language.

One woman, who was asked for some notes about herself for a biographical sketch, answered that she "would be pleased to give some dates on her person." Another. who was requested to give a written report, said, "My report I will give ordinarily, as I speak only free." One woman was recommended for a speaker as follows: "She is very soft, and every man who knows her likes her, but she can be very much enraged for truth and justice."

We have come across a most delicious phrase here in Denmark. The big cakes used for banquets generally have on the ton a little feminine effigy called topfiguren pas krandsekagen-the candy figure on the top of the cake. Whenever a woman is mentioned who is purely ornamental they

say contemptuously: Oh, there is no use to ask her to do anything, she is only a topfiguren pas krand-

sekagen. Verily she has her prototype in other countries besides Denmark! IDA HUSTED HARPES.

DRINKING MORE PULQUE.

Mexico City Gets Away With 800,000 Litres Every Day. From the Mexican Herald.

The consumption of pulque in Mexico city rapidly increasing, and the hauling of the drink is becoming one of the principal sources of revenue on a number of lines entering the

On nearly every railroad entering the city a special pulque train is run into the city daily and many of the regular freight trains carry large numbers of cars containing the lar drink.

During the month of June three railroads the Hidalgo, the Mexican and the Inter oceanic, carried into the city \$9,861 barrels and 354 skins full of the pulque gathered within a radius of sixty miles of the city. The National, the Central and the smaller lines brought in an amount probably half as

Allowing that the population of Mexico city is 400,000 men, women and children the quantity of pulque brought into the city daily is sufficient to supply almost two litres to every individual. Do you drink your share? During the month of June 14,985,290 litres of pulque were brought into the city, as in one barrel there are 250 litres and in one skin 60 litres. During each day of the month an average of 748,263 litres was

There is a flourishing arts and handicrafts | and on muleback from the nearby hacien

POEMS WORTH READING.

Bawning Day. How slow the dawn comes to the eyes that wake;
How long her chariot lingers on the hills
Before she finds the little, hidden rills,
And glory flashes from the waiting lake.
How long, from every nest on bush and tree,
Impatient murmurs from each nestling rise,
Before day's flame lights up the eastern skies,
And wings released flash upward, glad and free.

How long the pale moon lingers in the wes Quarding the portals of the realm of night, Before the eager sun begins his quest, And men awake to life, and life's delight. And they who sought sweet sleep and rest in vain, May in day's busy hours forget their pain.

August Tide. With languid popples filleting her hair.

Across reaped fields the pensive summer goes.

The crickets chirring from the stubble rows,

And the bland south wind luting a low air; In the far distance still the hills are fair. And still the bee, remembering the rose. Wings honey seeking: faint arpeggios Of lyric love bird voices still declare.

Fet through all sounds there whispers something

The leaves reveal it in their murmurings.

And the tall reeds beside the half hushed stream.
The premonition of impending change. Gray sorrow's presage like a shroud that clings, The figment of a dream, yet not a dream. CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The Path to the Pasture The narrow path that we used to tread Led straight away from the farmyard gate, And down the lane to the pasture lot, Where for our coming the cows would wait. It bore the prints of our restless feet, That stepped so blithe through the early dews, Or lagged along in the pulsing heat. Above our heads curved a roof of blue,

Where oft we saw the ghost of the moon Go drifting by with the sun tipped clouds That sailed away to the port of noon. rom nodding thistle and mulicin stalk
The meadow larks through the summer sang. And from the stubble of harvest fields The bob white's call through the stillness rang. O little path of the long ago,

I've wandered far from your beaten dust, And stumbled oft in my journeys wide, And lost the key to my childish trust; But now and then in my waking dreams I stand once more by the pasture wall, And hear again from the harvest fields The cheerful sound of the bob white's call.

> You small pink sphinx reposing Upon your mother's knee, You riddle of the ages Though learned men of science

Around you have revolved.

Your solemn stare has baffled,
Your secret held unsolved. If wisdom fills your noddle

From seas beyond our tide But if your mind is vacant. As some profess to doubt, No mortal fool we know of

Yet let so little out Thought and Work.

I'm not what people say I am, I'm not a lazy man; I simply do my work upon a scientific plan. I let my head save hand and foot, I bring my brain And still I am a lasy chap, so all my neighbors say. But I don't care, I let 'em talk, and keep about my

That is, I keep my brain hitched up and never let Each morn when I get out of hed I sit right down think how this and that should go before I eat or

work:

think up some good, easy way to do this thing and And after thinking hard a spell I have it right down

pat. Instead of delving into it and working hard all day, I-simplify it fifty fold by thinking out a way. And, best of all, sometimes I find by thinking long

There's many jobs that once I thought were pretty middling steep, I do not need to do at all which I'd have gone and

Had I not sat and thought 'em out before they were

and drink. And my good wife is washing clothes not very far

Pray don't misjudge for I shall be lost deep in

How she can get those washings out with less of drudgery.
I'm not what people say I am, I'm not a lazy man: simply get through life upon a scientific plan.

JOE CONB. Juvenile Jargon. I hear the children's voices

As the little darlings play, And the tears arise unbidder At what I bear them say, cially when they shout out "Yah! Don't yer get so gay!

There's music in their modern mode Of saying "paw" and "maw."
There's melody in "You're a peach!" And could you find a flaw

There's luvenile authority And really there's a certain charm In listening to a lass
Of some twelve tender summers say,
"Ger-long! You're full o' gas!"

I wonder whether in our youth We were brought up amid Such repartee as "Ah, skiddoot

Shut up yer face, fresh kid!" Did we use these expressions then? Did you! I know f did!

LA TOUCHE HANCOGE.

Raking in the "Soads." Merrily, cheerily glide along,
A dollar's the burden of his song,
Easily, breezily, blithe and gay
Alluring the dollars all the day. Jim's a daisy—get onto the heft of him!
Dollars to right of him, dollars to left of him
He's a golf player from Golfville, wow!
A laliapaloosa of dollars now.

Smiling that same old smile, doth he Toss to the putter of scads, b'gee! Spell that's mysterious, mystical, great, Yanking the plunkers to the home plate.

If you've no dollars, a beer check will do,

Postage stamps even he'll not eschew. Times are pinching and ducats are shy— What'll the harvest be, and why? An Revolr.

By wild laces lightly spun By wild laces lightly open Growing heary in the sun, By the sumach's reddening plume, by these and many a sign August's singing undertone

Dies in the hot locust's drone.
Shadows dim the prospect fair.
Mints of mist are in the air; ething thinner than a cloud-Is it wedding garb or shroud Vell's the summer's overbloom. Surely it was yesterday

That she trod her Persian way:
While her maidens, flower bedight,
Tossed her garlands made of light,
Brought her goblets brimmed with dew
By the sunbeams smitten through. Suremertime, sweet summertime, In some vanished age and clima Did you walk as here to-day

Down a slowly shadowing way? When your green torch flares to-morrow Shall we for your old self sorrow, As you see us grieving now For the ripe less on your be

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What is the meaning and whence derived the names of the two Alaskan rivers, Yukon and Tan ana? Both words belong to the speech stem of the Dene Indians, one of the major subdivisions of the North American Indians. Rather unfortunately. North American Indians. Rather unfortunately, putting a very small part for a great whole, American ethnologists have called this the Athabaskan family. It is found in the Arctic and subarctic northwest of America, and reaches well into British Columbia, but according to the latest determinations does not anywhere reach the littoral. An offshoot of the main family appears longo intervallo in the Apache of our Southwest and the Lipan of Mexico. Father A. G. Morice, the most recent and the most consistent student of the northern and the most consistent student of the horacle, among whom his mission labors ile, is authority for the etymology of the two names. Yukon means simply "river." It would have been preferable if the spelling Yukhon had been chosen, for there is a deep guttural which k in no sense represents. Tanana has in Alaska the pronunciation Tananaw, which is not indicated in the newest gazetteer. It is a reduction of the Dené words Tana-kut'qin, which means "people of the bluffs," and appears in the "Gens des liuties" by which the French fur traders call them. Once a fierce and warlike tribe they are now reduced to some 400 souls living in small parties scattered along the river which bears their name.

The European skylark (Alauda arvensis) was brought to the vicinity of Brooklyn over fifty years ago. How far has the bird apread over the country It was naturalized at Portland, Ore., in 1898; in the seventeen years that have elapsed it has spread over Oregon and into California and Washington. E. K. Cars.

Good news of one of the most tuneful of all the smale fewles that maken melodie. It has not done so well from its Brooklyn place of liberation. The first birds freed passed from notice in their first season and seem never to have been heard from. Several pair of English larks were freed in 1873 in Flatbush. They have not spread, but they do seem to have just managed to hold on. Sciencely a year has passed without some report of the singing of the lark in the outskirts of Brooklyn, but the birds must be very few. For a fortnight before the penning of this note a pair of birds has been heard every morning at dawn near Gravesend. There can be small chance of error, for the observer is familiar with the note of the blithe spirit dropping in sweet cadences down from the morning calm.

Rindly give me any information you can of Joseph leomfield, who was Governor of New Jersey in 1801 and 1802. R. L. A. He was born in Woodbridge, N. J., date not

recorded. A student of the law at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, he was made in 1776 a Captain in Col. Dayton's Third New Jersey Regiment served until the disbanding of the Cont ment, served until the disbanding of the Continental forces and was mustered out a Major. He practised law in Burlington until made Attorney-General of the State. In 1801 he began to serve as Governor and was retained in office until 1812, when he reentered the army as a Brigadier-General in the second war with Great Britain. He entered as senior officer in that grade and throughout the war was in command of the Fourth military distinct comprising West Jersey, Pennsylvania and trict, comprising West Jersey, Pennsylvani Delaware, with headquarters at Philadelphia. Returning to the ways of peace, he was a Representa-tive in Congress in the years 1817-21, and chairman the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions He died in Burlington October 8, 1828,

As to the title of one of Kipling's brave books. "Captains Courageous," are you in the way of knowing if he has borrowed that from an earlier source or if it is really of his own invention?

C. G. WATERS.

Men have sought out many inventions, but this is not one, for it is borrowed from a source whence it is no shame to take, and to take freely, the body of English ballad poetry. It is from the touching and hearty ditty of Mary Ambree, English Moll, a favorite of Ben Jonson. It is too long to quote entire, and even if space were available it would have to be bowdlerized, a great shame. It begins

When captaines couragious, whom death cold not Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt They mustred their souldiers by two and by three And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

If I make a bet with Mr. Grabo, "You don't weigh 150 pounds," and Mr. Grabo weighs 151 pounds, does Mr. Grabo win my money? E. O. G.

He certainly does. You bet that he didn't weigh 150, and 151 is not 150, therefore you lose The odds are all against the layer of such a wager, for he bets on his one figure against all figures of the possible weight of a man, any one of which figures will win against the layer. Even when bulked the layer has but one chance against his opponent's two. The chances thus lumped are three: He weighs 150, he weighs less, he weighs more. The layer takes but one chance and leaves the taker of the bet two chances with an enormous number of singular

In cases where a national courtesy is to be dis-played is it customary to hoist the flags of both nations on the same mast, the home flag being on the top? I hold that this is all wrong. F. PEABODY PRICE.

It is indeed all wrong. When two national en-signs are displayed on the same staff the hoist carries but one meaning, namely, that the country whose flar is uppermost has beaten the ship which And that's the way I find it now, the more I set and had the right to float the lower flag. When a ship wears her own easign at the proper place as pro-vided in the regulations and at the fore breaks out the flag of the country honored by the salute.

Is it a fairy tale or an actual fact that trout are often caught by the hand by tickling them in the stomach? W. E. L.

So actual is the fact that the operation has a name, to guiddle. When one goes guiddling he may count upon pitting all his intelligence against an intelligence quite as keen, and he who brings out his hand from a chill riffle with a firm clutch upon a throbbing trout has felt a fisherman's enjoyment that the best tied fly and the most faultless cast can never give. Somewhere in "Lorna Doone" there s a story of how John Ridd went guddling up Bagworthy Water and what he found there.

You will do me and others a great favor by stating the condition of the pure food bill. There are many decent saloon keepers who sell only pure liquor and do not wish to be classed with the me who sell poisoned beverages.

The bill became law in the last days of the sea sion of Congress. After it became law it was dis-covered that no appropriation had been provided enforce the law. Regulations are now being drafted, however, under this law and will be ready for promulgation next month. When Congress re assembles in December a request for the necessary

What is the wood crab? I cannot find it in the dictionaries, or in any work on crustaces which gives the popular names here, or in England.

JOHN H. WELLS. It must be the crabapple. In an old rhymed proverb it is found, at least old enough to date back to the time of good Queen Anne when sea

did rhyme with obey. The crab of the wood is sauce very good For the crab of the sea: But the wood of a crab is sauce for a drab

That will not her husband obey A claims that the Bar Association can disbar a lawyer. B claims that the association can only recommend disbarment, that a court or judge must pass the sentence. Please decide.

HENRY D. MORENUS.

The Appellate Division has the only power to disber. The Bar Association, through its grievance committee, may prefer charges and even examine nto the charges at length, but the actual proces

Of what novel by Diderot did Carlyle use the fol-lowing language? "If any mortal oresture, even a reviewer, be again compelled to glance into that book let him bathe himself in running water, put on a change of raiment and be unclean until the even." McCARR.

"Les Bijoux Indiscrets." And not Carlyle alone condemns. Diderot himself is reported as saying in more mature years that "he would cut off an arm not to have written it."

Who said, and where, "Man's inhumanity to man nakes countless thousands mourn"? J. J. K. Burns, in his poem "Man was made to moura."

Man-whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands moura. Give me the name, designer and history of the countain on the Broadway side of Union Square. F. McCabs.

It is known as the James Fountain and was erected in 1881. It was designed by Adoir Donndorf of Stuttgart and founded in bronze at Brunswick, Germany. It was given to the city by D. Willis finished.

How gray is a badger? If I ever saw one I wasn't BRIGHTON. Sufficiently gray to carry the simile. Even if the badger be not everywhere available for pur-poses of confirmatory comparison a shaving brush will serve, always provided that it be, as it should Kindly tell us of what nationality is Victor Her-bert, the orchestra leader. St. Francis Sanitarium.

He is I rish. He was born in Dublin, where his father was a barrister and his mother was one of he two daughters of Samuel Lover. Please give me the date of the burning of the leckswanns terminal at Hoboken. J. A. PAYR. August 7, 1905; estimated loss, \$1,500,000.

THE SHADOW PLAY IN CAIRO. A Style of Entertainment That Originated Centuries Age in the East.

CAIRO, Aug. 1 .- Not long ago one of our acquaintances, an Arab bookseller, who sits all day crosslegged in a tiny book shop near the Muski, asked us if we would like to see a representation of the shadow play to be given at the home of his cousin on the occasion of a wedding. Of course we were delighted to accept the invitation, especially since it is not often that foreigners have an opportunity to see the entire play in a decent neighborhood.

It is given regularly only in the ill famed fish market region, and bits of it are sometimes given at festivals in Ezbekiyeh Garden, but the performances given by private individuals either in their homes or under canopies near by are the best.

The shadow play originated centuries ago, where is not exactly known, perhaps in China; at all events, in some Oriental country. One finds it still in China, Japan, Ceylon, Turkey, Syria and Egypt, and even

Our Punch and Judy show is something like it, only Punch is a round doll, whereas the figures in the shadow play are flat like paper dolls, with movable joints, and it is their shadows only that one sees at the plays. They are cut out of leather, which by some secret process is made transparent; are painted in different colors, and as a rule are very grotesque. They are manipulated behind a white curtainbetween the curtain and a bright light. The manipulator sits at the side.

The shadow play is forbidden at present in Constantinople for political reasons and sometimes it is not allowed in Cairo if, for instance, there is an epidemic of cholera or pest, when it is not advisable for crowds of people to meet together.

The performance that we saw was given

at night, at the shut in end of a small alleyway in the Arab quarters, and I was the only woman present, at least openly present The small windows of the houses on both sides were filled with women's faces, some fair, some black as night. I saw them plainly enough, but when a man looked up whish! They disappeared like phantoms. One young girl, exceedingly pretty, even ventured as far as the doorway, but her joy was short lived. Very soon some masculine authority of the household

appeared and sent her back.

The alleyway was gayly decorated with little red flags and illuminated by means of huge glass lanterns filled with small lamps. The houses were high and sombre and Arabic in style, with little projecting balconies of mushrabiyeh work, and as a final effect the moon peeped down through the crack at the juncture of the two end houses and softly lighted the scene.

Below this crack, upon a high platform; was stretched the curtain of the players, and sitting before and below the curtain was the two man orchestra, one man playing a kind of bagpipe, using his cheeks for the bag, and looking in consequence like an absurd frog, and the other beating a drum with his hands. The latter, as he sat there cross legged, impassive, unsmiling, with anxious eyes, seemed to me to give the character note to the scene, just as the drum rhythm is the chief characteristic of all Oriental music.

Arabic music, at any rate, played on the piano or by a European orchestra, as I have ometimes heard it here in Cairo, makes no effect at all, and I never used to understand why. Now I know. It is the peculiar drum rhythm that makes the difference, that hypnotizes you, until you don't know hether you are same or crazy.

The drum player at this performance was also a kind of claque, calling out "Allah!" That is so!" "Oh, Lord!" until the whole audience joined in with him, laughingly.

The play began at 10 o'clock and when we went away, at half past 2 in the morning, was not half over. So you can understand why I don't attempt to give the story of it here. It concerned a Coptic priest who was worsted by a Mohammedan, and the priest's daughter, who became a Mohammedan through the influence of her lover

The introduction to the play consisted of long religious speeches in praise of the prophets; then came the play itself, every cident long drawn out and interspersed with jokes and songs, the latter something like the topical song of our modern comic opera, only much more naïve and extremely silly. As for the jokes, pretty strong, I should say! I was glad that my feeble efforts at the Arabic language had not carried me so far that I could understand

The audience enjoyed it all through immensely, and laughed just as heartily as though they had not heard the same old play hundreds of times before. The audience, by the way, sat either comfortably cross legged on benches along the walls uncomfortably on European chairs; or on the ground, and they were most of them young men and boys of the poorer classes dressed in long white shirts, with European coats for style. There were also a few dignified old sheikhs among them and one or two effendis.

We sat near the front with the other specially invited guests on an upholstered ench that was evidently meant for cross legged sitting, it was so high. Of course we were the target for all eyes, being the only Europeans there, but their staring was not at all rude. Indeed, we were much impressed with the natural politeness of the people and couldn't help comparing them with audiences of a similar character in other lands that we have seen.

As for our hosts, they were charming, and our conversation with them, carried on in English, was most entertaining. For refreshment they gave us first a kind of hot drink, a mixture of coffee and cinnamon: then dried melon seeds and roasted peanuts, which made me imagine for one ecstatio moment that I was in an American circus tent; then ice cream and, last of all, a kind of soda water called gazoza.

It was all very enjoyable and interesting, but after you have been sitting for hours with a half broken back and both feet asleep you grow a little tired, don't you? Especially if it is long after midnight. I shut my eyes for an instant and our host saw me, I am afraid, for he said in the olitest manner possible that we needn't feel obliged to stay till the end if we wished

I apologized; of course; but departed, feeling ashamed and relieved. I determined that if I should ever again be invited to a similar affair I would sleep the whole day beforehand and then remain until it was

Dandolo Coin Behind St. Mark's Mosaic. From the London Dally Chronicle. During the work of restoration of the Basilics

of St. Mark's an important discovery was made. In the cement which attached the mosaics in the Tribune of the Patriarch to the wall, a small copper coin, very ancient, called a "quartarolo" of the Doge Dandolo, was found, thus showing that at least part of the building of the Basilica took place least part of the building of the Basilica took place in the glorious period of the Venetian Republic between 1192 and 1205. It seems evident that the coin fell into the cement from the clothing of one of the workmen, and remained there for seven centuries, as this is the first time that that mosale of has been removed since its original setting. The small coin, which in itself is very valuable because of its rarity, has been placed in the historic technical museum of the Basilica, where everything is gathered which may determine and illustrate the history of the building of the cathedral. WHO WAS BENNY BOY?

An Episode of Benjamin Franklin's Life Suggested at a Lendon Book Sale. LONDON, Aug. 1 .- Sotheby's last book sale of the present season was concluded the other day. It lasted two days and produced the good total of \$30,092. As is commonly the case at important book sales in London, Quaritch secured most of the principal lots.

As is also commonly the case, book sale was only a vague, generio description, for the properties offered included engravings and manuscripts of several kinds. Among the latter two scraps in the handwriting o Benjamin Franklin will have some specia interest for Americans. They are mys-

The first, a fly leaf from a small octavo volume, contains the following inscription: To my Benny Boy, from his affectionate Father, B. Franklin, Feb. 7, 1771."

The second, the cover of an octavo volume, shows on the inside the following letter, dated West Wickham, Bucks, July, 1771: MY DEAR CHILD: I am just going a journey or a few days and I trust my Benny will like

this volume. I have no opportunity to send by Book Packet but with this. Love to our

children, and not forgetting Benny Boy, and ever, Your affectionate husband B. FRANKLIN. The question arises; who was Benny Boy Franklin is known to have had one illegitimate son, named William, besides a daughter and a son (Francis Folger) born in wedlock. At the time the above were written he was on his third visit to England. His son William had long before left the family

home. Francis was dead and the daughter married. Thus these documents raise a curious point in the career of the great statesman, and his autobiography, closing with his second arrival in England, in 1757, gives no assistance to those who may wish to de-

termine the identity of Benny Boy.

The chief price of the sale, \$7,500, was paid for a mediaval manuscript containing forty-five illuminated miniatures rep ing scenes connected with the birth, life, death and miracles of St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne in the seventh century Lindisfarne, more often called Holy Island ies just off the Northumbrian coast, and when the good Cuthbert first went there he was terribly worried by the devil.

Day and night the devil sought to devour the holy man, who; being able neither to pray in peace nor sleep, soon became very weak. Finally, so local people assured the present writer, there came to Cuthbert

present writer, there came to Cumbert before he faded quite away the idea of building a fence of crossed sticks.

Round this the devil galloped frantically; roaring furiously, for three days and nights. Then he flew away, leaving behind him only a stench, yet a stench of such vileness and potency that Cuthbert had to work hard with holy water before he got the island properly disinfected.

The manuscript dealing with the doing of this ingenious and nious person is about

The manuscript dealing with the doing of this ingenious and pious person is about 800 years 'old. It appears to have been executed by a Durham monk, and consists of 150 leaves of stout vellum, each measuring 5½ by 3½ inches. The owner was Sir John Lawson, Bart.

Another record of a holy man, for which a firm of American agents fought hard and unsuccessfully, giving in to Quartich at \$625, was George Whitefield's "General Account of the first part of my Life, begun August, 1739, on board the Elizabeth, Captain Stevenson, bound from England, to Philadelphia, after having prayed for Freedom of Spirit to write it for above three years successively."

successively."

This is the original autograph manuscript on 18) pages "finished on board the Elizabeth, Saturday, Sept. 8th; much assisted and felt great freedom and peace of soul when I resolved to print it." Notwithstanding the great preacher's resolution, it seems never to have been printed. It passed into the possession of Mr. Dixon, school master at the Orphan House, Georgia, and in 1769 he gave it to the Rev. Cornelius Winter, who bequeathed it to a nephew named Sloper, whose son is the present seller.

An American was successful in acquiring

An American was successful in acquiring for \$610 the first edition of Charles Lamb's "Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret." The record price of \$660 was paid for Shelley's "A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote Throughout the Kingdom," by the Hermit of Marlow, first edition, unbound. The latest previous London price bound. The latest previous London price for it seems to be only \$105, though a later American one is \$555 for an uncut copy. Some other interesting lots and prices were Thomas Nash's "New Play Never Played Before, of the Praise of the Red Herring," 1599, \$555; a fourteenth century MS. of the York Ritual, \$1,500; the original rental book of Croyland Abbey in the first year of Edward I., 1272, \$145; a first edition of Keate's "Endymion," \$250, and Shelley's "Alastor," 1816, \$245; a finely illuminated fifteenth century "Book of Hours," containing miniatures ascribed to the famous Jean Fouquet, \$3,475, and a first edition of Richard Lovelace's "Lucasta" with the pastoral "Aramantha," 1949, \$350.

This last volume was a presentation copy

pastoral "Aramantha," 1649, \$350.

This last volume was a presentation copy from the author to Charles Cotton, who passed it on to his kinsman, the Earl of Chesterfield, patron of John Dryden. It bears the Chesterfield arms stamped in gold and contains a rare plate engraved by W. Faithorne after Sir Peter Lely.

EXPLORER RIDES A TURTLE. De Rougement Shows a London Audience How Easy It Is.

From the London Daily Graphic. Six years ago M. de Rougemont appeared before the geographical section of the British Association at Clifton and described with much wealth of detail his remarkable adventures in the heart of the Australian continent. He included among them some striking reminiscences of the pearling industry in Austral asia, and added that, having been wrecked, he occupied some part of his leisure by riding turtles in the la goon of his desert island. Yes terday, after the lapse of many days, he appeared—in a striped bathing blanket and a bathing suit—before a British audience at the Hippodrome to demonstrate the truth of this part of his narrative.

There is no ground for supposing that it is the same turtle which shared M. de Rougemont's solitude in Australasia, or that it is a confederate in any way. Yesterday it lay placidly by the Hippodrome lagoon while M. de Rougemont lectured once again on his entertaining experiences, and it gave no sign of intelligence while he described the whole art of turtle riding. Suddenly the explorer flung off his blanket, and seizing the turtle unceremoniously by the scruT of its neck and the back of its shall hoisted it into the water. The turtle sank, but rose again. M. de Rougemont went in after it and in a moment was on its back. Down it went again and then once more rose. This time the rider grasped it firmly, orying, "Ta 'Ra 'Ra!" and slapped it with some severity. It was an exciting and amusing entertainment from the spectators point of view and M. de Rougemont also ap peared to enjoy it very much. Of the turtle's enjoyment we have some doubt, but its general attitude was that of a passive resister. At any rate, M. de Rougemont did ride it.

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